

winburne's Studies in So

All these domestic interests have for the moment thrown foreign affairs somewhat into the background. But the fact that the Balkan states are none the less important on that account. It may be considered certain that a diplomatic settlement of the outstanding differences between Greece and Turkey. The former power is determined to push matters to an extremity. It is probable that the latter will do so as well as the moral support of England and France, and upon an influx of philhellene troops from the United States. The Greeks misinterpreted the intentions of the two powers, neither of whom will be able to do anything to prevent them. It is probable that she can successfully count upon an immense volunteer contingent. Turkey, on the other hand, has no such resources, with reason, on her own military superiority. As far as the support of Germany and Austria is concerned, it is not probable that a vexed question means additional recognition, let alone consideration, and as, rightly or wrongly, the Balkan states are inclined to precipitate matters, it is most probable that the United States will be called upon to make by nearly all the governments of Europe a demand for the evacuation of the Balkans to avert a war which may ultimately tend to involve the United States. The United States well-meant attempt will only end in failure.

squally significant, no crime, no next
acres and treason against the person of a
sovereign, no matter with sharper penitence
than the utterance of the annals of a
phenomenon in the annals of jurispruden-
tial not only the extreme rarity of the
offense, but a comparative immunity from
the crimes whose definitions load our mode
statute books, and whose perpetrators could
trust refuge in a falsehood. It is certainly
to regret that such a kindling theme as
a tale of a king's murder, which the
should have had no more adequate treat-
ment than a vague and cursory allusion to
"Earthly Paradise," and the faint, mean-
ingless afforded in Sheridan's half-for-
ten paraphrase of Kotzebue's drama. The
subject is not unnaturally suggested to the
reader of *Swiss Revenant*, the latest volume,
in regard to the "Swiss Revenant" of the
invention of which might be fittingly
in the mouths of those Persian virgins who
singing and howling around their warlike

Rejoice at his blissful voice and hand,
 Pale in the light of war or brother's rose,
 And before long shall his spirit be at rest,
 For whom his life will unbar the funeral grate.
 Tears bright and sweet as fire and incense fall
 On every line of his most honored pall,
 On every line that tells of his farwold
 Struggle through the zone that bade him rise again;
 With memories crowded of history, as the strain
 And sweet the darkness of the breathless pain,
 And with the dawn of his new birth.
 Rejoice now the wreathless hours
 That mould and moulded show their works in vain
 And find the light with breath,
 And find the great and good the chain;
 For sweet shall the light with sweet morn,
 And with the dawn of his new birth.
 What can be finer than the lines which dwelt
 On the procreative energy with which the author
 of "Ilydia Nova" and the "Hellenics" fused
 life into the dust of history and legend.
 Here is the stanza:
 Thought came in the wakened time of time to roam,
 And thought came in the thought of thought to roam,
 And thought came in the thought of thought to roam,
 And thought came in the thought of thought to roam.
 Rejoice in his life and his death, for he
 has been a life and a death, for he
 has been a life and a death, for he
 has been a life and a death, for he

House raised, once with raving and pain
 And dead hand clasp'd in the agonizing strain
 Frank and brutal as a sliding pane
 Church and house wrought in faultless fashion,
 Hill and channel bottomed and sublime,
 And several miles of forest, dark and green,
 Filled and bristled with race of floral crime,
 Fifth and sixth story of the great passion,
 Had a road more meretricious than time.

And this is all that is now left of the city
 and its shrine. There is a word and ghastly rea-
 son in the picture:

Here is all the end of all his glory—
 Dead and dying, dead and green, all whom
 I dead the little you better know from
 Fate—In this sea world since a storm
 Fate and I killed—
 Here where earth is, once with dead men
 Now displaced, desecrated and desecrated.
 One left to tell the story of the dead
 These poor dead that sleeping here awaited
 The attack of the living—
 Closed about with rods and walls of granite
 Till the heat of Judgment should be here!

Naked, shivering, red out of countenance,
 Corusc and cuffed, and with a shaven head
 Scuffed at, watered, smitten from their station,
 And with a second and a third and a fourth
 Described beyond man's dogmatism,
 And with a sixth and a seventh and an eighth

his voice full of enthusiastic sympathy for the valiant young men who had staked their all in the struggle of '48, with whom he was personally and politically associated, was undoubtedly the first time that the young Ireland exile, less Duffy and McGee, had been read two papers on '98 and '48 in the same spirit, in which he recalled a prophecy of O'Connell's made as far back as 1826 in the chapel of Waterford, which indicated the coming of "Young Ireland," a quarter of a century later. "The rising youth of Ireland," said O'Connell, "aspirant to have their pulses beating with better blood, and I have remarked more than once that the young Irelanders of the eye of the youth, scarce reached bed and pillow, were glistening with indignation at the history of a century of misgovernment which this country has endured. This fiery youth, with hot-blooded boiling in their veins, are accumulating fast around us." Five years before he died O'Connell saw this fiery youth in the

gifts of eloquence touched the best motives of human activity. He devoted his laborious energy chiefly to the education question, and anticipated many of the thoughts and aspirations of the great man, Davis. Seconded by these two men, always ready to follow him, always kept at an uncompeering distance, and by a small but stout body of Dublin Catholic merchants, who lent to him an unobtrusive but unswerving loyalty, O'Connell won from the fears of England, as admitted by the Duke of Wellington, then First Minister, his first great triumph—emancipation. This victory and the admission of the means by which it was won, gave the key to O'Connell's policy and conduct of the remainder of his life, and which forms the principal subject of Duffy's volume.

Will Sir Gavan Duffy, at the close of this the first part of this great man's history, contemplate for a moment the genius of patience—for Disraeli, who has shown so much

These three men created the Nation—the crater of young Ireland's ideas. Up to this the Irish press had been the creature of either the Castle or Conciliation Hall—the lack of some henchman. They were the first to make it the organ of a conqueror of men. It spoke with an inspired tongue. The celebrated picture of "Waiting for the News" after Waterloo gives but a faint idea of the eager enthusiasm with which it was watched for and devoured during the momentary meetings by the peasant patrons of Broudie. It created a spirit which O'Connell never contemplated and never thoroughly comprehended, and which afterward grew up as his enemy. It made a nation of men, and it was the cause. Among the most notable writers in the cause were Smith O'Brien and John Maelree. O'Shannon, who came on shortly after, and O'Gorman, Magheath, Savage, who came on the scene later, and